



Massage slow,  
mellow in

Christopher  
Sanderson

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## Show how natures love

Tend the flowerbed  
By the butterfly  
Wonder why  
The ladybird wanders

A quiet afternoon quite easily  
Only you inside your borders  
At one with your earth orders  
Toil away, enrich your soul

Meadow grass, poppy and daisy  
Lazy daze on a hazy afternoon  
In the place to swoon  
In between dreams and slumber

The sun full on  
Your warm of skin  
Massage slow, mellow in  
Pour oil all over

Tend the humanity  
Rest with all above  
Show how natures love  
Creates patience

## Humans with emotions

I walked there  
And back again  
Looked in all the windows  
Opened one or two of the doors

I wasn't really looking  
There is nothing that I need  
But I liked the time just to wander  
To see the pigeons feed

The pensioners study  
The racks of three for two  
The tins of pilchards are past  
Their sell by date, nothings new

The flautist plays  
Or is it, his electronic mandolin  
With that and sales of the *Big Issue*  
It's hard to stay so thin

The schoolchildren size up  
The cost of liquorice sticks  
Choose one colour or two  
Or better value, in the lucky dip

The opera house is open  
The autumn catalogue is news  
Blues Brothers or Tourandot  
The eclectic amongst you choose

The sun shines on the fountain  
The dress shop picture is quite a pitch  
Tourism gives over to pride and prejudice  
Thank the lord Chatsworth made it rich

Back past the old disused spa baths  
Stone flags, great worn slabs  
Weathered for centuries; but now  
With developers - tentacles as crabs

## Lays quietly, light upon your shoulder

The gossamer of finest denier  
Cast into still air  
Still it hangs

The tall grass, some say pampas  
In the face of the ocean wind  
Still it stands erect

The silk scarf, silk so finely spun  
Lays quietly, light upon your shoulder  
Still it resounds

The spray so fine hardly a mist  
On the crest of the sands and the downs  
Still it glistens

The perfume, worn with a lovers touch  
On the neck nape under spun  
Still it captures

The vacation  
So easy  
Easily missed

On the calendar  
Of overlooked  
Still we kissed

## With so many children to grow up

I read your letters  
I see your excitement  
I read with interest  
I see your love

We have so many complications  
With so many children  
To grow up  
You say it will be fun

We will work  
Through our complications  
And with the children gone  
We will still have twice the fun

I send you letters  
I try to raise excitement  
I write with interest  
I feed on your lost love

There were no complications  
Only those as we grew up  
We lost our sight  
Forgot it could be fun

You felt no need  
To work  
Through our complications  
And with the children

All but one now gone  
You have given up  
You messed about  
I've missed out on all the fun

## **I will invite you somewhere sometime**

You may no longer want me  
Though that does not mean  
I must not want you too

I have your letters  
I have your photographs  
I could carve you in marble  
I could mould you in stone

I agree  
You no longer want me  
But might I try  
To change your view

I will write you letters  
I will send you photographs  
I will show you right up to the last  
I will even try to be a little daft

That may mean  
That forever is your final vow  
Forever you don't want me  
But it is a risk I wish to take any how

I will remember anniversaries  
I will post the cards first class  
I will invite you somewhere sometime  
I love you, you crazy lass

## **My overriding right**

I refuse to turn out the light  
That you turned on for me  
That is my choice  
My overriding right

So there it is  
I will not turn out the light  
You do not override the sight  
That you turned on for me

## **Dry as stone**

Butterfly and dandelion  
Wisp of sand  
Land of Zion

House martin and sparrow hawk  
Telegraph wires  
Can we talk

Leap of salmon, rainbow trout  
Rivers pass  
What is there to talk about

Buttercup, clover, daisy  
Dry as soundproof stone wall  
Must we shout

Oak, slate, bricks and mortar  
Infrastructure  
What are you on about

Silk  
Velvet  
Nylon vest

Negligee  
Land of Zion!  
Give it a rest

## Indifference

If only it was indifferent  
Instead it is silent  
Mute

If only it was significant  
Instead it is blank  
Brute

Charles Causley I believe once said;  
*“That a good poem was always about something else”*

If that means different  
Is that some kind of piled up, pent  
Astute

If that means insignificant  
Is that to slide down the blank refuse  
Chute

Carl Dennis wrote;  
*And write about the life*  
*You can talk about*

You left to walk away  
How often have you heard it said  
Or said it yourself

You would talk, but  
Have not a thought to say  
Just words with which you play

Jane Kenyon in her poem Happiness:  
*No, happiness is the uncle you never knew*  
*About who flies a single engine plane*

Over moor of purple bramble hue  
Under cider presses wooden screw  
The hope is ever new

In factories and submarines  
We bang the drum  
Tam the tambourine

The love now blue  
Was for a while  
Ultramarine

## Your defence of passed Mikado

It is an age of acceptance  
Passed the time to mourn  
Your defence of incommunicado  
It is the ring of thorns

You offer me no hope  
So I will go  
Nowhere else  
Instead

You offer me no hope  
For you  
Our love is long gone  
Dead

Think of then deliverance  
The bull caught by the horn  
Your defence of passed Mikado  
The executioner reborn

You offer me no hope  
So I will I go  
Elsewhere  
Or no

You offer me no hope  
For you  
I have gone long ago  
Or so

## Tender was the night

Tenderfoot and follow through  
The midnight hour  
Our son in February did arrive

Change gear accelerate too  
The midnight hour  
Along the coast; heavenly soporific drive

The midwife from the north  
The midnight hour  
Burnley brought, known to deliver life

Swathed in satin, torn in silk  
The midnight hour  
How many years before the strife

The last moments of a couple be  
The midnight hour  
Replaces the chance of a future wife

Dolphins call and surf waves roll  
The midnight hour  
Cope unsung the artist's knife

Eastern shores of risen sun  
The midnight hour  
Lonely road to cottage tied

Tenderfoot and follow through  
The midnight hour  
Happiness as moonlight cried

Change gear, accelerate too  
The midnight hour  
Away too far, you replied

The mid-life lad from the north  
The midnight hour  
Unbeknown our love had died

## **I love the loss**

I love the pain  
I love the grief  
I love the constant  
Disbelief

I love to cry  
You say goodbye  
I wonder why  
But love to cry

I love to smoke  
Your words to choke  
A heavenly soak  
Without your poke

Some folk whinge  
That makes me cringe  
When love is gone  
Don't let it singe

Others mope  
Or call the pope  
Or worse they dangle  
From the ring of rope

But for me, from afar  
No door ajar  
I love the loss  
All covered in sphagnum moss

Love the bucketfuls of tears  
Love the wasted years  
Of blown away  
Memories

I love to lie  
I shall not die  
Of love or less  
Trip the trick on unhappiness

I wake  
I am warm  
I smile  
A little while

I wake  
To hear  
Doors slam  
I don't give a damn

I swoon  
Warm  
In my reflective  
Capsule cocoon

## Situation

*I'm Sarah*  
*I'm not a bimbo*  
I don't know  
Why she told me  
It is not a suggestion  
That I would offer freely

But I guess  
That depends  
On the situation  
Anyway the facts  
No less  
As verbalized to me  
As if some relation  
A bimbo  
Is not she

No  
She tells me she studies  
International Spa Beauty Therapy

## **Blow away the bogus**

Transcendental meditation  
Imagination  
The movie picture is  
Still of you

Desensitise the eyes  
Realise  
Still the movie picture  
Take another view

Smiles layered deeper  
Sweep  
The field and focus  
Substitute a lower locus

Fragments of emotion  
Nights  
Of soft skin lotion  
Eternalise, blow away the bogus

Wise men wander free  
But near  
The regressive seer  
One kiss caught me, I leer

## Moving picture

I look at your picture  
I look at your picture deeply  
Deep

Deep  
Your picture moves  
Your eyes smile  
I look at your picture deeply

My focus fades  
I re-set the locus

I look at your picture deeply  
Once sad  
My gladness now  
Sees a smile

Your smile  
No more tears  
The years don't fade away

It's past two in the morning  
Here's hoping

I look at your picture deeply  
Black and white  
A4 paper  
A scarf

A small pendant locket  
I smile  
It was a while ago

## Is it because

Is it because I've lost you  
That I am in love with you so

Is it because we will be  
No more together  
That I imagine you now forever

Is it because you never say  
That I write  
Almost every day

Is it because of light past fascination  
That I perceive some  
Superimposed reconciliation

Is it because of doubt  
That this last line petered out

## Picture in Ether

Wax Jacket  
Collar corduroy  
Press stud

Snowflake  
Eye drop  
Sparkle

Pursed lip  
Classic  
Bone structure

Woollen scarf  
Round and down  
Across the patterns cross

Jade stone  
Pendant

## Round wrung floodlights

Laid on a silver string

Hair strands damp  
Five down the forehead  
Frizzle fine, on top

Blouse  
Button  
Peel of skin

Fence, fern  
Return  
Within

There was a shaft of sunlight  
Right across the flags  
A spot of cloud sunk sunlight  
From mad to sad to glad

Observed with interest and culture  
Slight refrain she nags  
A spot of cloud sunk sunlight  
From boy to lad to dad

Nowhere to take you  
From peak to peak to peak  
A lot of round wrung floodlights  
Poetry, fiction, drama, cad

Instead beside the iron bed  
Led from here and now  
Taken to a memory, shade  
Or shadow: Gita Bhagavad

## You vouched to play

Quotations and reference  
Citations and severance  
Plantations of preference  
Visitations deferred

How many more curriculum vitae  
How many thanks but no thanks  
Toe the line you'll get your chance  
Pride or prejudice, unjust romance

Social came just the same  
See for what you do  
But looked right on, straight on through  
Interested in they, not ever you

You brought the kids up on your own  
Mostly now they're resolute  
Education will be their suit  
Inspired by what happened too

Worlds away the musicians play  
Caribbean, calypso, contraband  
Extemporise to realise  
This land is your land, is my land

So computer hack  
The Union Jack  
Take no more flack  
It's just the sack

And anyway the other day  
You vouched to play  
Down Islington way  
At the Crown and Anchor

So thank her and her sister  
Not so much her son, odd mister  
Her Kingdom come you just kissed her  
And for that we say *your hips please sway*

**Every day a calendar (My lady love in lavender)**

Your rhythm and your rumba  
Your echo and your number  
You dance, while all we do is lumber  
You are our soul  
You are reggae rock and roll

Lady love in lavender  
Every day  
A calendar

My lady love  
O baby love  
My lady love in lavender

My lady love  
My baby love  
My lady love in lavender

O poppy fields  
And cotton reels  
Every day my love she steals  
O lady love  
My baby love  
My lady love in lavender

O baby love  
My lady love  
My Lavender

In fields of corn  
Our passion sworn

My lady love  
O baby love  
My lady love in lavender

O baby  
My lady  
My lady love  
My Lavender

Under silver clouds  
With sparkled shrouds

My lady love

O baby love  
My lady love in lavender

O baby love  
My lady love  
My Lavender

Ever tender is the night  
More tender still  
Is the morning

My lady love  
O baby love  
My lady love in lavender

O baby love  
O lady love  
O Lavender

Every day  
My baby love  
My lady love  
Every way my calendar

